TOMB OF DRACULA
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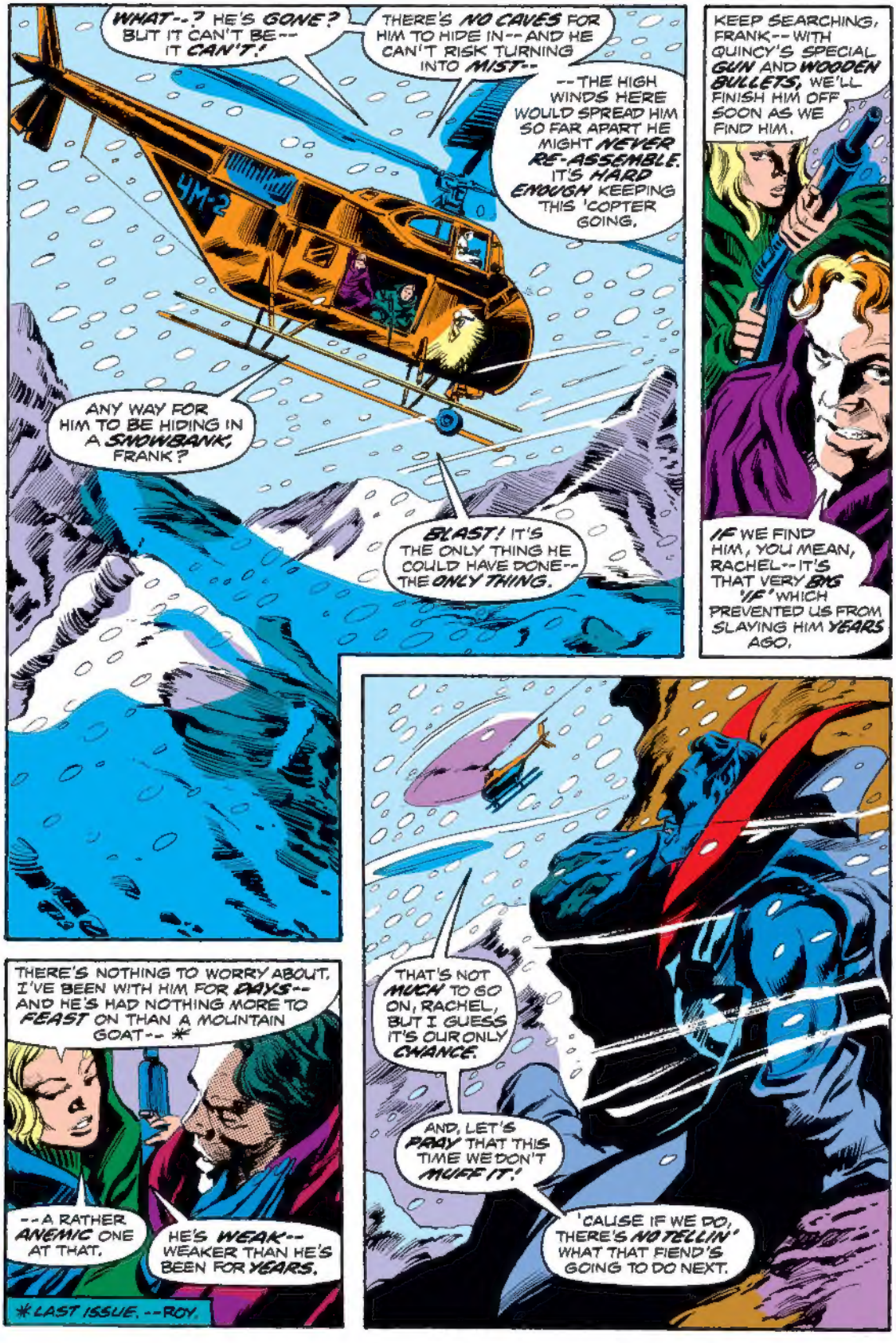
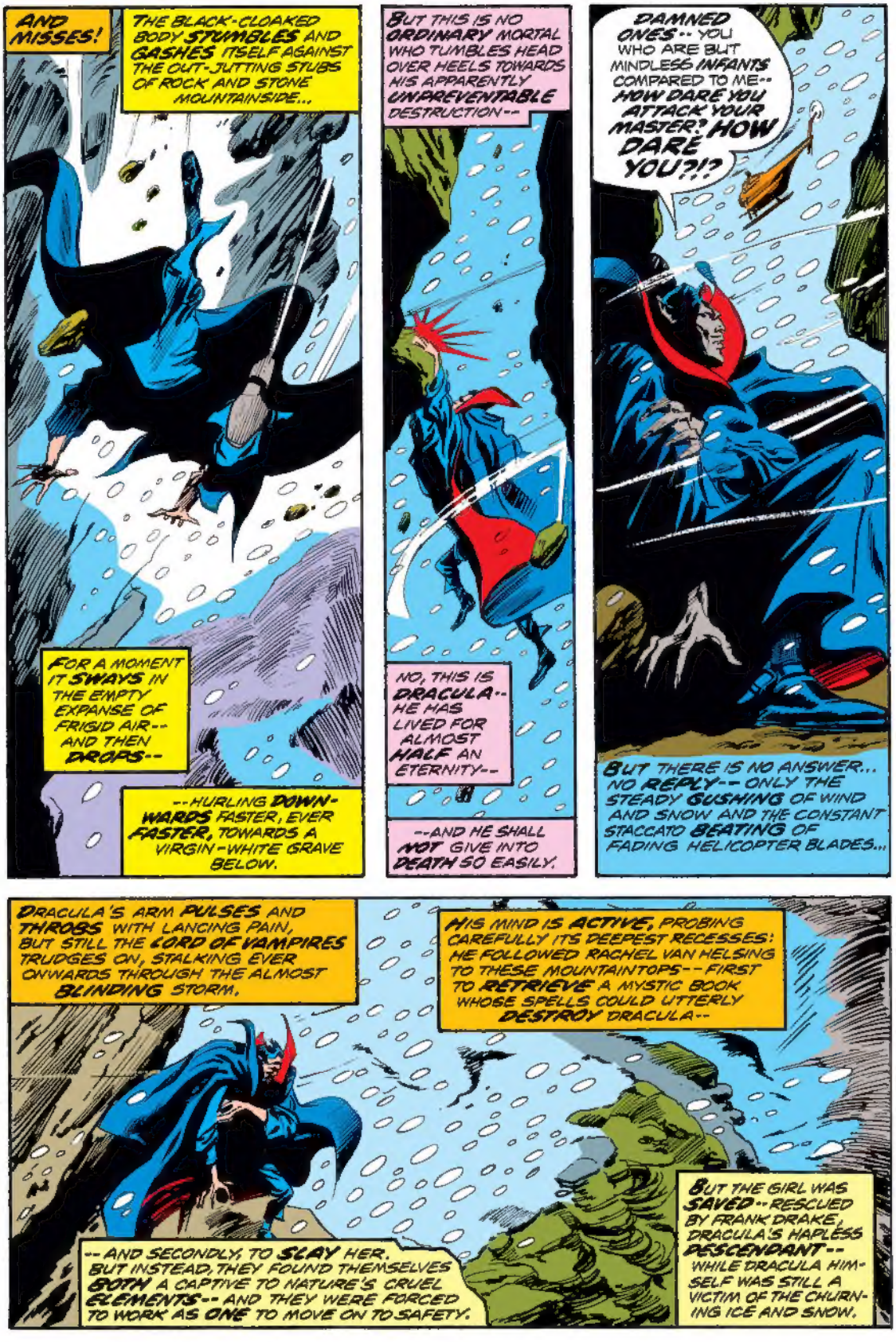
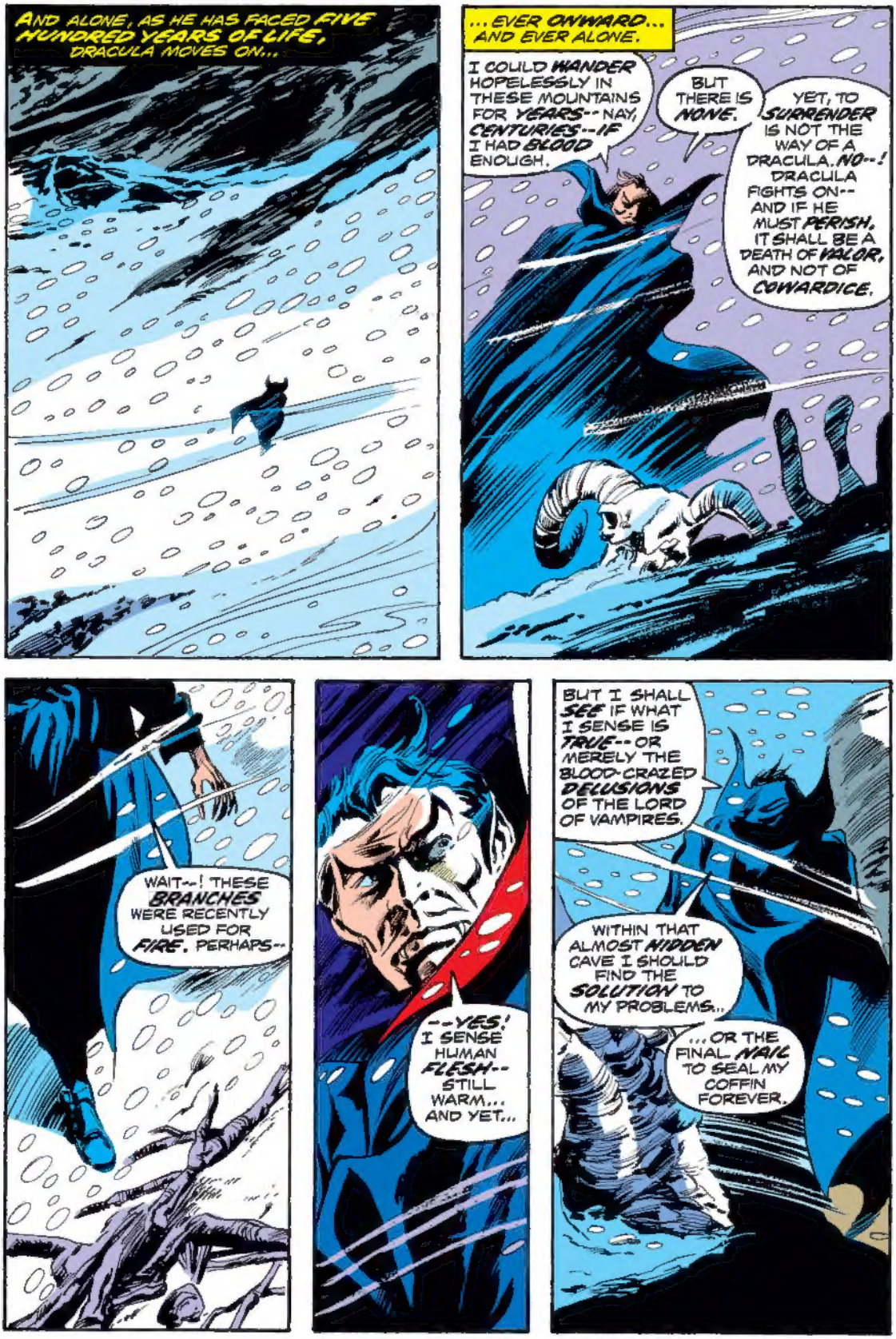
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
HEADS UP, DRACULA! HERE'S WHERE I END YOUR REIGN OF TERROR--
--WITH WOODEN BULLETS!
MAN-HUNT FOR A VAMPIRE!

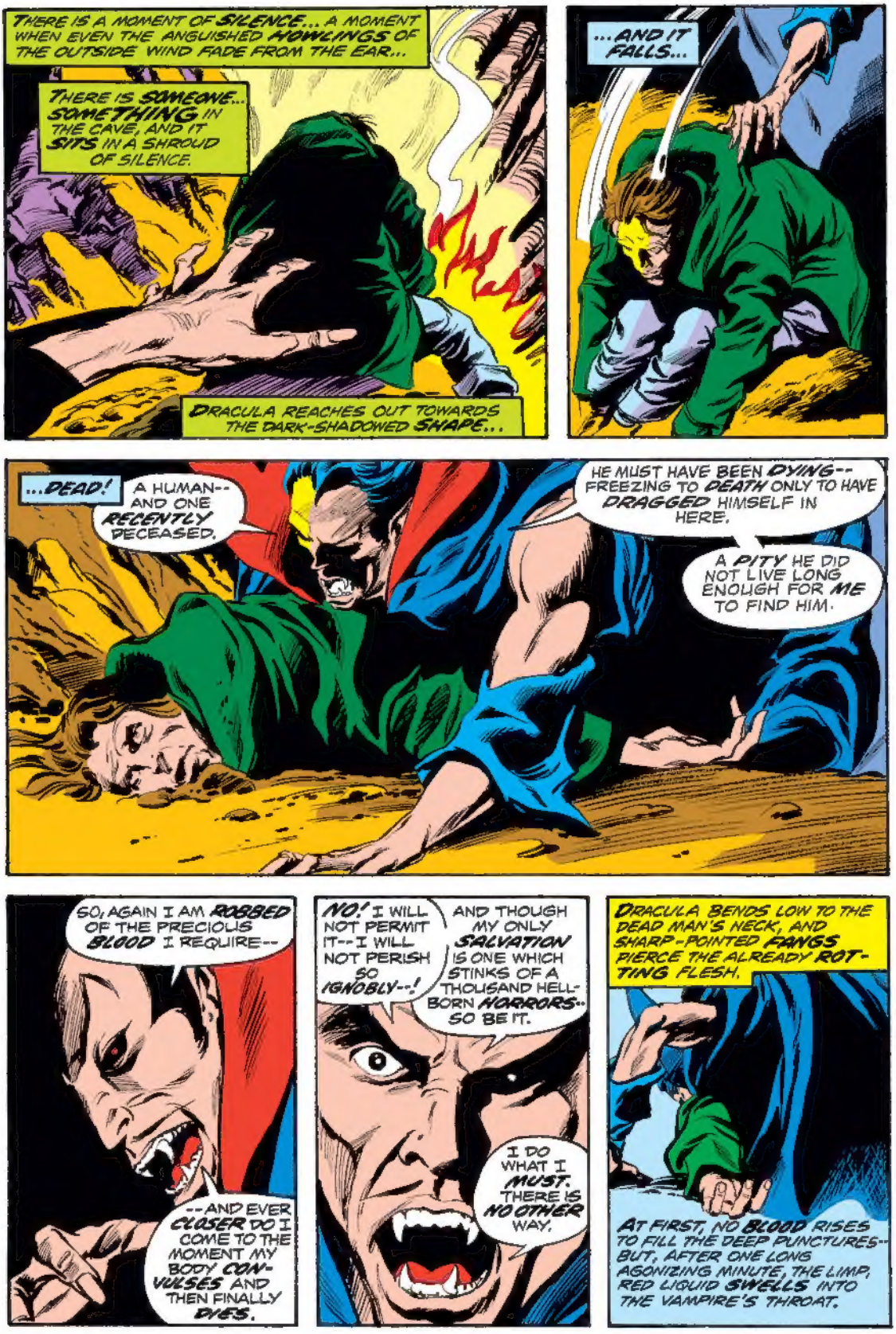
Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / GENE COLAN ARTIST / TOM PALMER INKER / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer GLYNIS WEIN, colorist / ROY THOMAS EDITOR
The Coming of Doctor Sun
HE'S DOWN THERE, RACHEL -- RIGHT IN OUR SIGHTS.
AND IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT -- THIS IS THE NIGHT DRACULA WILL DIE!
WOODEN BULLETS PIERCE THE STORM-COVERED TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS THIS BITTER-COLD NIGHT, AS DRACULA, LORD OF DARKNESS -- PRINCE OF EVIL, FINDS HIMSELF THE HUNTED PREY INSTEAD OF THE STALKING HUNTER.
AND, IT APPEARS IN THIS FRIGID HOARFROST, THAT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF A TWISTED, HATEFILLED UNLIFE, IS ABOUT TO END FOREVER!

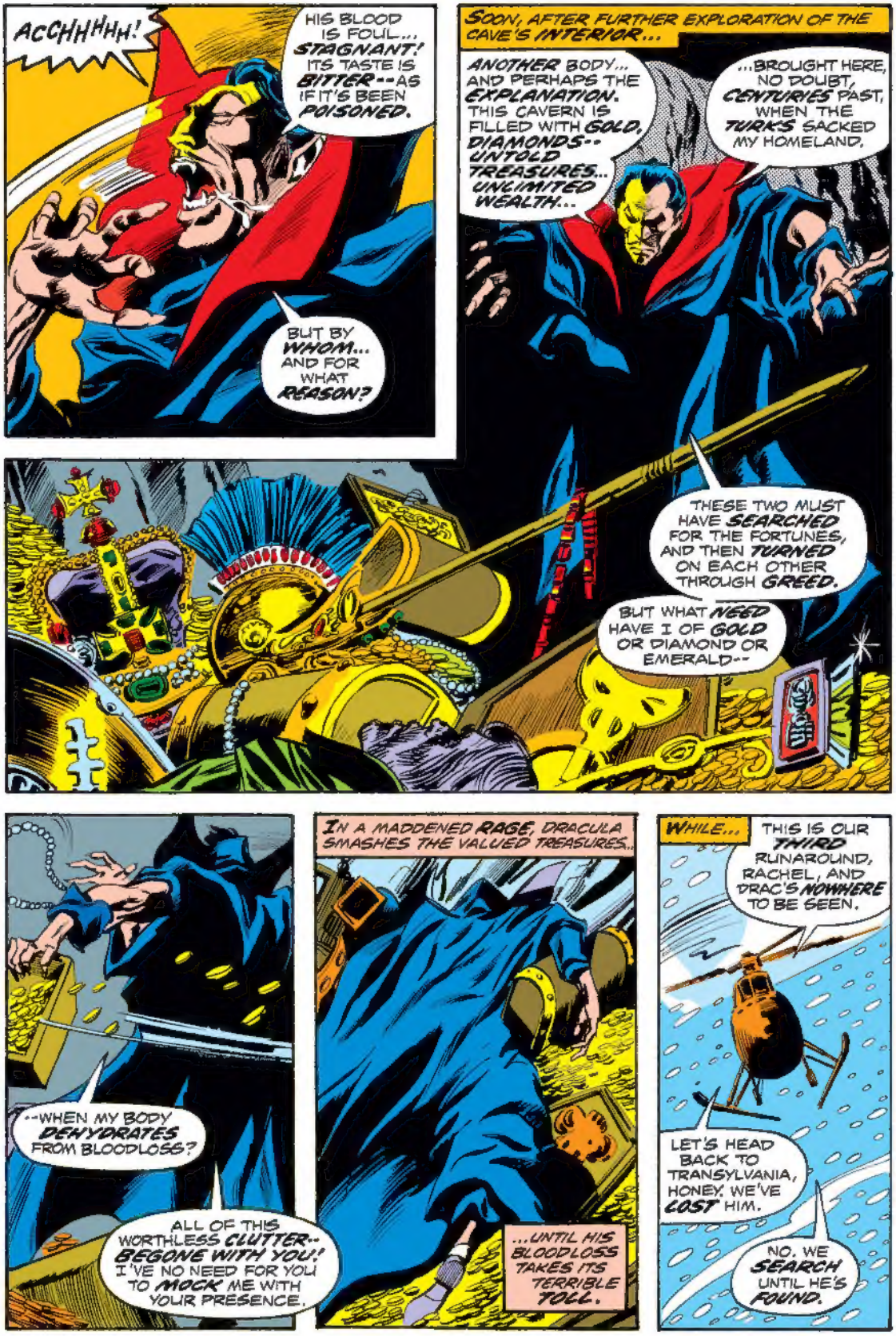

WHAT--? HE'S GONE? BUT IT CAN'T BE-- IT CAN'T!
THERE'S NO CAVES FOR HIM TO HIDE IN-- AND HE CAN'T RISK TURNING INTO MIST--
--THE HIGH WINDS HERE WOULD SPREAD HIM SO FAR APART HE MIGHT NEVER RE-ASSEMBLE. IT'S HARD ENOUGH KEEPING THIS 'COPTER GOING.
4M-2
ANY WAY FOR HIM TO BE HIDING IN A SNOWBANK, FRANK?
BLAST! IT'S THE ONLY THING HE COULD HAVE DONE-- THE ONLY THING.
KEEP SEARCHING, FRANK-- WITH QUINCY'S SPECIAL GUN AND WOODEN BULLETS, WE'LL FINISH HIM OFF SOON AS WE FIND HIM.
IF WE FIND HIM, YOU MEAN, RACHEL-- IT'S THAT VERY BIG 'IF' WHICH PREVENTED US FROM SLAYING HIM YEARS AGO.
THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I'VE BEEN WITH HIM FOR DAYS-- AND HE'S HAD NOTHING MORE TO FEAST ON THAN A MOUNTAIN GOAT-- *
--A RATHER ANEMIC ONE AT THAT.
HE'S WEAK-- WEAKER THAN HE'S BEEN FOR YEARS.
*LAST ISSUE. --ROY.
THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON, RACHEL, BUT I GUESS IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.
AND, LET'S PRAY THAT THIS TIME WE DON'T MUFF IT!
'CAUSE IF WE DO, THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT THAT FIEND'S GOING TO DO NEXT.

THEY'RE GONE, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.
ALREADY I FEEL MY INSIDES SHRIVELLING FROM BLOOD-LOSS--
--AND AN AGONIZING PAIN WELLING WITHIN ME.
I CAN REMAIN HERE NO LONGER --AND THOUGH THE VERY FURIES THEMSELVES FLY UNRELENTINGLY--
--I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FLEE--
--AND BRAVE THE STORM AS A NIGHTWINGED BAT.
NO!! ITS FORCE IS TOO GREAT-- TOO POWERFUL--IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FLY THROUGH.
THEN, AM I TO BE TRAPPED IN THIS HELLISH WASTE-LAND FOREVER?
IT APPEARS NOT, AS...
WHAT!!?!
PAIN--SHOOTING THROUGH ME-- NUMBING MY ARM.
HOW!? HOW?!?
SO, VAN HELSING AND DRAKE ARE BACK-- ATTACKING ME ONCE MORE.
WELL, THEIR WOODEN SLUGS SHALL COME NO CLOSER TO ME THAN MY ARM.
FOR I'LL BE LONG GONE BEFORE THEY CAN ATTACK ANEW.
FOR A MOMENT, A WOBBLING, UNSURE FORM STARES ACROSS THE BOTTOMLESS CHASM BEFORE HIM--ONLY TO GLARE BACK AT HIS PURSUERS AS IF TO REAFFIRM THEIR CLOSE-NESS, AND THEN.., HE LEAPS.

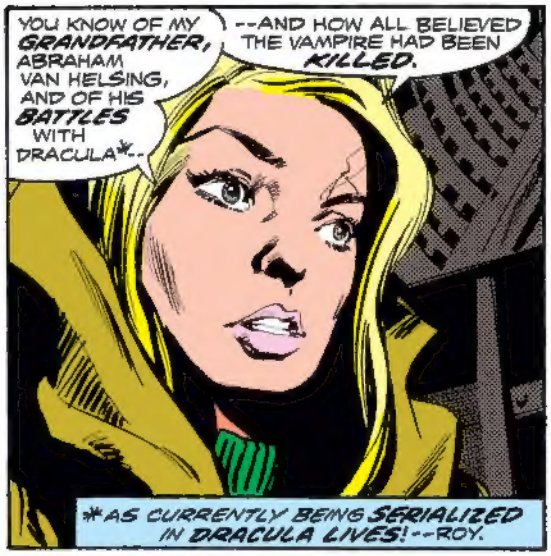

AND MISSES!
THE BLACK-CLOAKED BODY STUMBLES AND GASHES ITSELF AGAINST THE OUT-JUTTING STUBS OF ROCK AND STONE MOUNTAINSIDE...
FOR A MOMENT IT SWAYS IN THE EMPTY EXPANSE OF FRIGID AIR-- AND THEN DROPS--
--HURLING DOWNWARDS FASTER, EVER FASTER, TOWARDS A VIRGIN-WHITE GRAVE BELOW.
BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY MORTAL WHO TUMBLES HEAD OVER HEELS TOWARDS HIS APPARENTLY UNPREVENTABLE DESTRUCTION--
NO, THIS IS DRACULA-- HE HAS LIVED FOR ALMOST HALF AN ETERNITY--
--AND HE SHALL NOT GIVE INTO DEATH SO EASILY.
DAMNED ONES-- YOU WHO ARE BUT MINDLESS INFANTS COMPARED TO ME-- HOW DARE YOU ATTACK YOUR MASTER? HOW DARE YOU?!?
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER... NO REPLY-- ONLY THE STEADY GUSHING OF WIND AND SNOW AND THE CONSTANT STACCATO BEATING OF FADING HELICOPTER BLADES...
DRACULA'S ARM PULSES AND THROBS WITH LANCING PAIN, BUT STILL THE LORD OF VAMPIRES TRUDGES ON, STALKING EVER ONWARDS THROUGH THE ALMOST BLINDING STORM.
HIS MIND IS ACTIVE, PROBING CAREFULLY ITS DEEPEST RECESSES! HE FOLLOWED RACHEL VAN HELSING TO THESE MOUNTAINTOPS-- FIRST TO RETRIEVE A MYSTIC BOOK WHOSE SPELLS COULD UTTERLY DESTROY DRACULA--
--AND SECONDLY, TO SLAY HER. BUT INSTEAD, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES BOTH A CAPTIVE TO NATURE'S CRUEL ELEMENTS-- AND THEY WERE FORCED TO WORK AS ONE TO MOVE ON TO SAFETY.
BUT THE GIRL WAS SAVED-- RESCUED BY FRANK DRAKE, DRACULA'S HAPLESS DESCENDANT-- WHILE DRACULA HIMSELF WAS STILL A VICTIM OF THE CHURNING ICE AND SNOW.


AND ALONE, AS HE HAS FACED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF LIFE, DRACULA MOVES ON...
... EVER ONWARD... AND EVER ALONE.
I COULD WANDER HOPELESSLY IN THESE MOUNTAINS FOR YEARS--NAY, CENTURIES--IF I HAD BLOOD ENOUGH.
BUT THERE IS NONE.
YET, TO SURRENDER IS NOT THE WAY OF A DRACULA. NO--! DRACULA FIGHTS ON--AND IF HE MUST PERISH, IT SHALL BE A DEATH OF VALOR, AND NOT OF COWARDICE.
WAIT--! THESE BRANCHES WERE RECENTLY USED FOR FIRE. PERHAPS--
--YES! I SENSE HUMAN FLESH--STILL WARM... AND YET...
BUT I SHALL SEE IF WHAT I SENSE IS TRUE--OR MERELY THE BLOOD-CRAZED DELUSIONS OF THE LORD OF VAMPIRES.
WITHIN THAT ALMOST HIDDEN CAVE I SHOULD FIND THE SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEMS...
...OR THE FINAL NAIL TO SEAL MY COFFIN FOREVER.

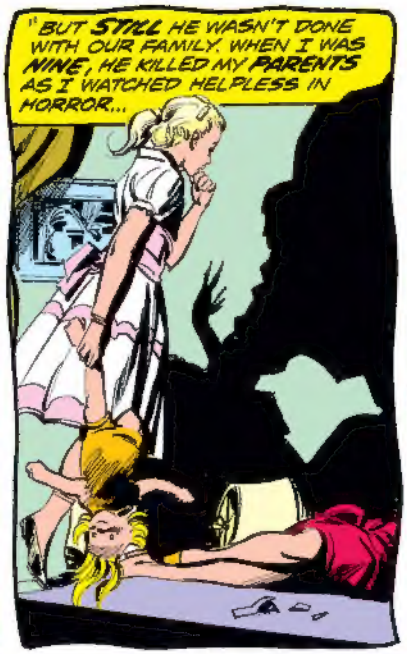

THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE... A MOMENT WHEN EVEN THE ANGUISHED HOWLINGS OF THE OUTSIDE WIND FADE FROM THE EAR...
THERE IS SOMEONE... SOMETHING IN THE CAVE, AND IT SITS IN A SHROUD OF SILENCE.
DRACULA REACHES OUT TOWARDS THE DARK-SHADOWED SHAPE...
...AND IT FALLS...
...DEAD!
A HUMAN-- AND ONE RECENTLY DECEASED.
HE MUST HAVE BEEN DYING-- FREEZING TO DEATH ONLY TO HAVE DRAGGED HIMSELF IN HERE.
A PITY HE DID NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FIND HIM.
SO, AGAIN I AM ROBBED OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD I REQUIRE--
--AND EVER CLOSER DO I COME TO THE MOMENT MY BODY CONVULSES AND THEN FINALLY DIES.
NO! I WILL NOT PERMIT IT--I WILL NOT PERISH SO IGNOBLY--!
AND THOUGH MY ONLY SALVATION IS ONE WHICH STINKS OF A THOUSAND HELL-BORN HORRORS... SO BE IT.
I DO WHAT I MUST. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.
DRACULA BENDS LOW TO THE DEAD MAN'S NECK, AND SHARP-POINTED FANGS PIERCE THE ALREADY ROTTING FLESH.
AT FIRST, NO BLOOD RISES TO FILL THE DEEP PUNCTURES-- BUT, AFTER ONE LONG AGONIZING MINUTE, THE LIMP, RED LIQUID SWELLS INTO THE VAMPIRE'S THROAT.

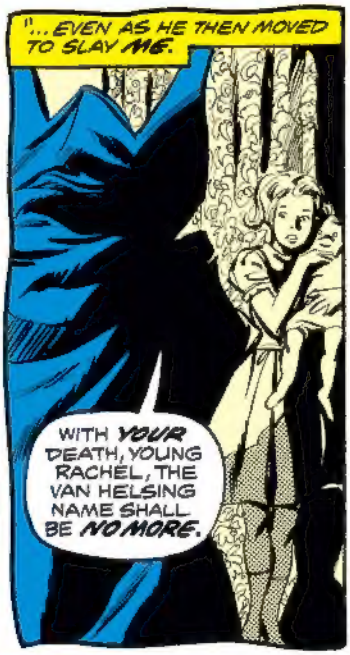

ACCHHHHH!
HIS BLOOD IS FOUL... STAGNANT! ITS TASTE IS BITTER--AS IF IT'S BEEN POISONED.
BUT BY WHOM... AND FOR WHAT REASON?
SOON, AFTER FURTHER EXPLORATION OF THE CAVE'S INTERIOR...
ANOTHER BODY... AND PERHAPS THE EXPLANATION. THIS CAVERN IS FILLED WITH GOLD, DIAMONDS-- UNTOLD TREASURES... UNLIMITED WEALTH...
...BROUGHT HERE, NO DOUBT, CENTURIES PAST, WHEN THE TURKS SACKED MY HOMELAND.
THESE TWO MUST HAVE SEARCHED FOR THE FORTUNES, AND THEN TURNED ON EACH OTHER THROUGH GREED.
BUT WHAT NEED HAVE I OF GOLD OR DIAMOND OR EMERALD--
--WHEN MY BODY DEHYDRATES FROM BLOODLOSS?
ALL OF THIS WORTHLESS CLUTTER-- BEGONE WITH YOU! I'VE NO NEED FOR YOU TO MOCK ME WITH YOUR PRESENCE.
IN A MADDENED RAGE, DRACULA SMASHES THE VALUED TREASURES...
...UNTIL HIS BLOODLOSS TAKES ITS TERRIBLE TOLL.
WHILE...
THIS IS OUR THIRD RUNAROUND, RACHEL, AND DRAC'S NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.
LET'S HEAD BACK TO TRANSYLVANIA, HONEY. WE'VE LOST HIM.
NO. WE SEARCH UNTIL HE'S FOUND.

YOU'VE GOT A DEFINITE STUBBORN STREAK IN YOU, LITTLE LADY. WHY?
I DON'T WANT TO BORE YOU, DARLING...
CONSIDER ME A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE. BORE ON!

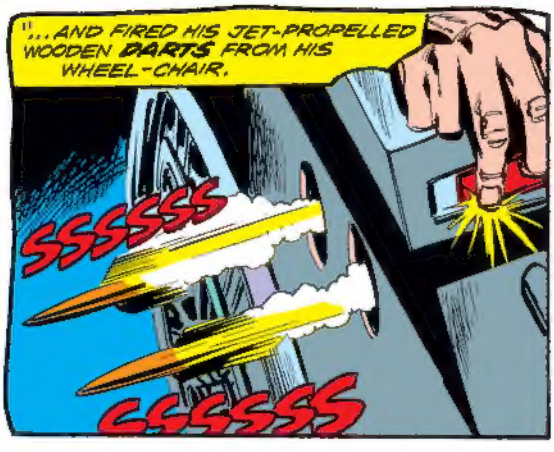

YOU KNOW OF MY GRANDFATHER, ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, AND OF HIS BATTLES WITH DRACULA*--
--AND HOW ALL BELIEVED THE VAMPIRE HAD BEEN KILLED.
*AS CURRENTLY BEING SERIALIZED IN DRACULA LIVES!--ROY.

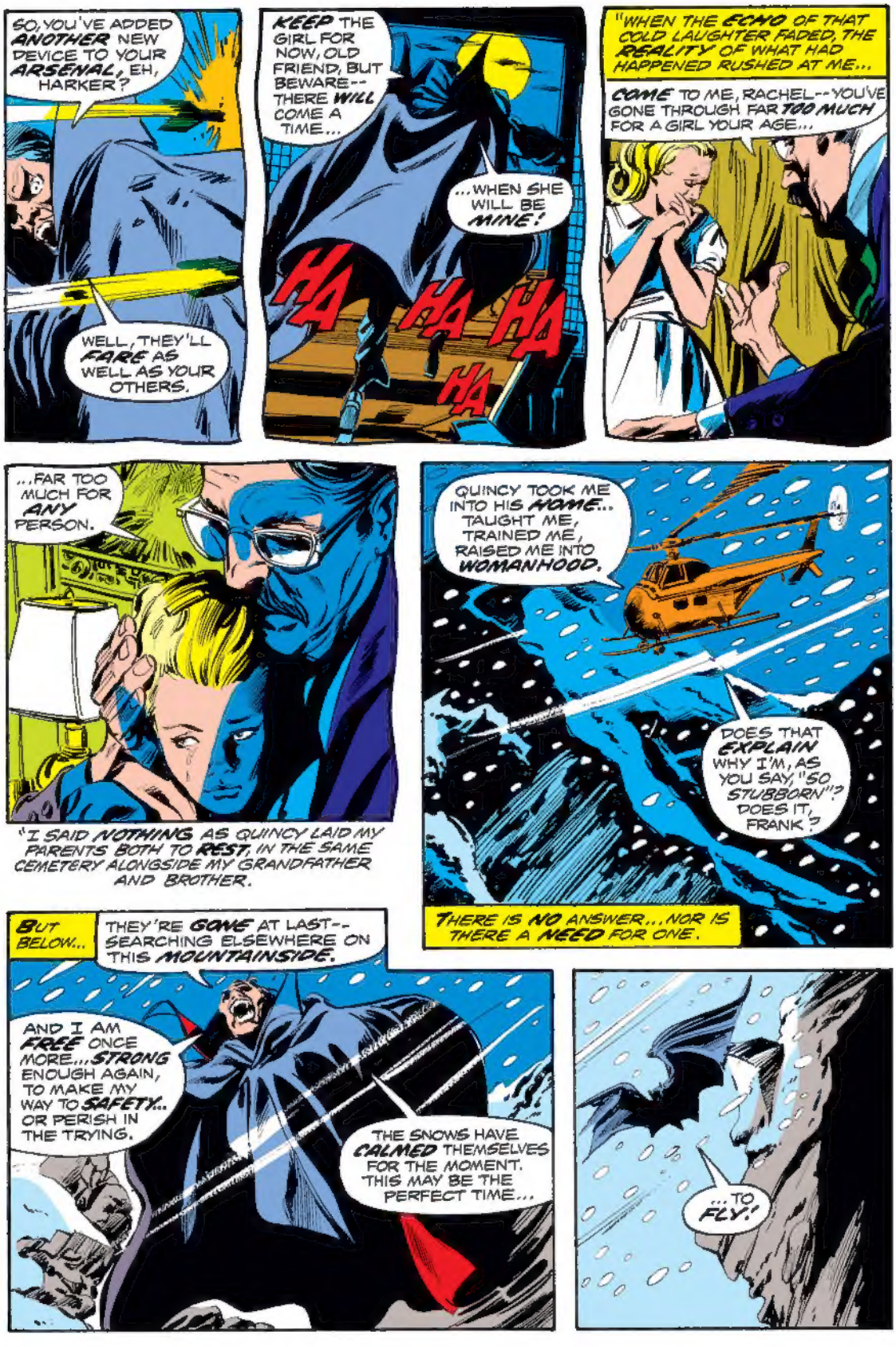
"BUT HE WASN'T. YEARS LATER, THE FIEND RETURNED, AND MURDERED GRANDFATHER.

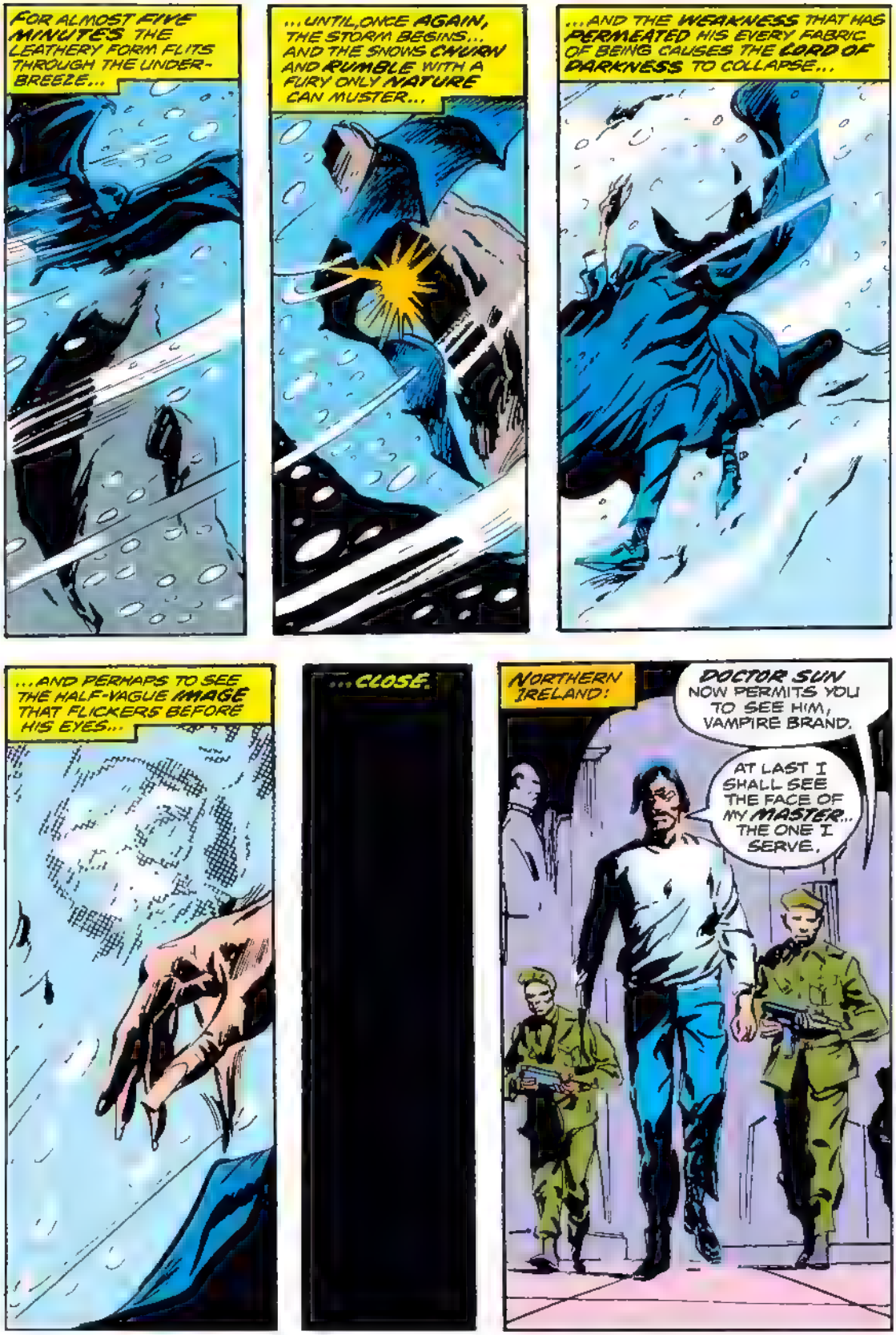

"BUT STILL HE WASN'T DONE WITH OUR FAMILY. WHEN I WAS NINE, HE KILLED MY PARENTS AS I WATCHED HELPLESS IN HORROR...


"...EVEN AS HE THEN MOVED TO SLAY ME.
WITH YOUR DEATH, YOUNG RACHEL, THE VAN HELSING NAME SHALL BE NO MORE.

"HIS FANGS STARTED FOR MY NECK AND I FELT HIS STALE, UNDEAD BREATH UPON ME, WHEN...
HOLD IT, DRACULA-- DON'T EVEN LOOK AT THE GIRL. SHE'LL NOT BE YOUR VICTIM TONIGHT.
" QUINCY HARKER, MY FAMILY'S LONG-TIME FRIEND, BURST THROUGH THE DOOR...


"...AND FIRED HIS JET-PROPELLED WOODEN DARTS FROM HIS WHEEL-CHAIR.
SSSSSS
SSSSSS

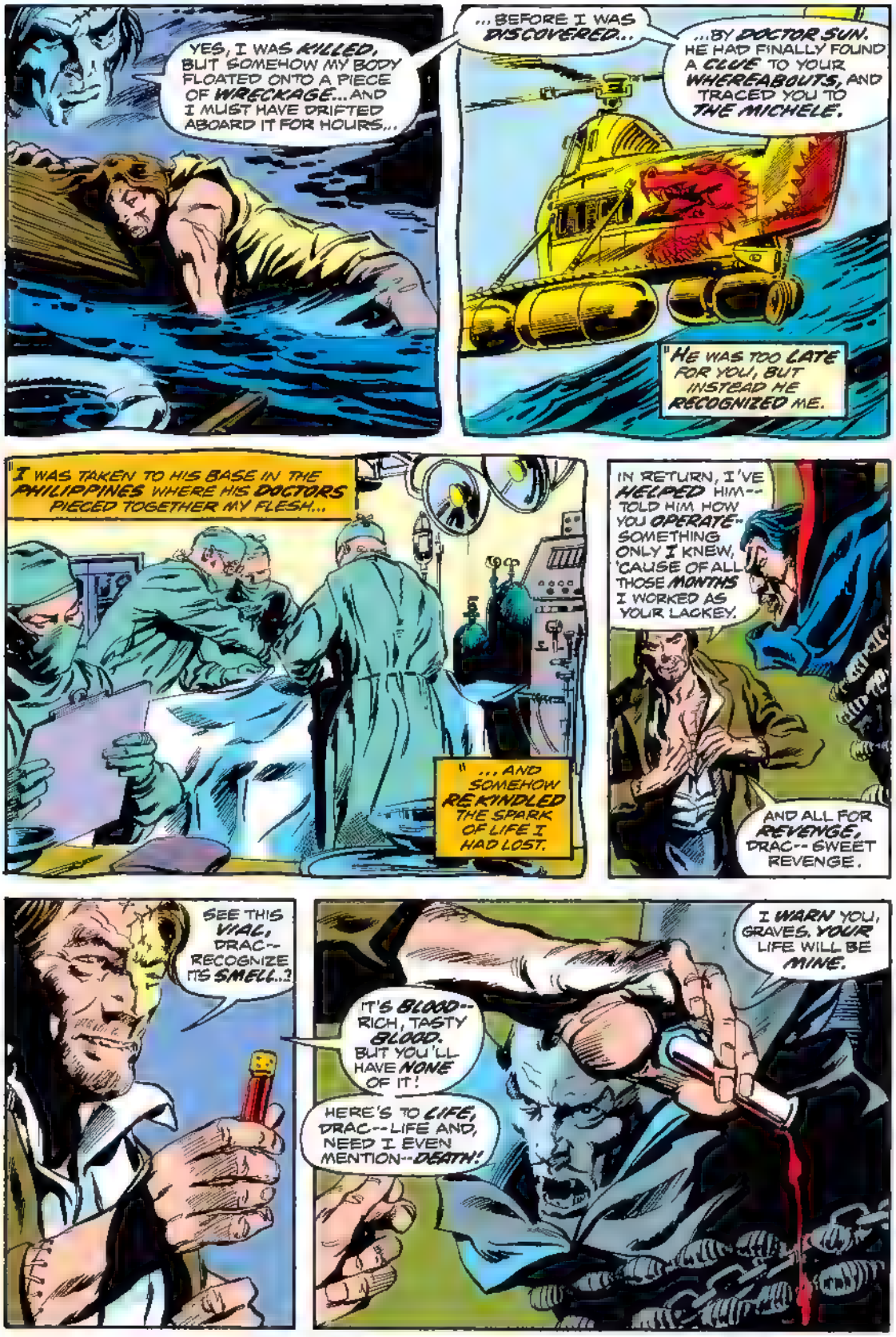

SO, YOU'VE ADDED ANOTHER NEW DEVICE TO YOUR ARSENAL, EH, HARKER?
WELL, THEY'LL FARE AS WELL AS YOUR OTHERS.
KEEP THE GIRL FOR NOW, OLD FRIEND, BUT BEWARE-- THERE WILL COME A TIME...
...WHEN SHE WILL BE MINE!
HA HA HA HA
"WHEN THE ECHO OF THAT COLD LAUGHTER FADED, THE REALITY OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED RUSHED AT ME...
COME TO ME, RACHEL--YOU'VE GONE THROUGH FAR TOO MUCH FOR A GIRL YOUR AGE...
...FAR TOO MUCH FOR ANY PERSON.
"I SAID NOTHING AS QUINCY LAID MY PARENTS BOTH TO REST, IN THE SAME CEMETERY ALONGSIDE MY GRANDFATHER AND BROTHER.
QUINCY TOOK ME INTO HIS HOME... TAUGHT ME, TRAINED ME, RAISED ME INTO WOMANHOOD.
DOES THAT EXPLAIN WHY I'M, AS YOU SAY, "SO STUBBORN"? DOES IT, FRANK?
THERE IS NO ANSWER...NOR IS THERE A NEED FOR ONE.
BUT BELOW...
THEY'RE GONE AT LAST-- SEARCHING ELSEWHERE ON THIS MOUNTAINSIDE.
AND I AM FREE ONCE MORE...STRONG ENOUGH AGAIN, TO MAKE MY WAY TO SAFETY... OR PERISH IN THE TRYING.
THE SNOWS HAVE CALMED THEMSELVES FOR THE MOMENT. THIS MAY BE THE PERFECT TIME...
...TO FLY!


FOR ALMOST FIVE MINUTES THE LEATHERY FORM FLITS THROUGH THE UNDER-BREEZE...
...UNTIL, ONCE AGAIN, THE STORM BEGINS... AND THE SNOWS CHURN AND RUMBLE WITH A FURY ONLY NATURE CAN MUSTER...
...AND THE WEAKNESS THAT HAS PERMEATED HIS EVERY FABRIC OF BEING CAUSES THE LORD OF DARKNESS TO COLLAPSE...
...AND PERHAPS TO SEE THE HALF-VAGUE IMAGE THAT FLICKERS BEFORE HIS EYES...
...CLOSE.
NORTHERN IRELAND:
DOCTOR SUN NOW PERMITS YOU TO SEE HIM, VAMPIRE BRAND.
AT LAST I SHALL SEE THE FACE OF MY MASTER... THE ONE I SERVE.

ENTER, BRAND. YOU HAVE WAITED LONG FOR THIS MOMENT.
IT'S DARK IN HERE... HARD TO FOCUS.
GREETINGS, BRAND, TO THE LABORATORY OF...
... DOCTOR SUN!
WHAT?!?

WHILE ELSEWHERE...
AHH, YOU AWAKE, DRACULA. THAT IS GOOD.
WHO--?
I AM PROFESSOR MORGO, A MERE HUMBLE SERVANT OF DOCTOR SUN.
AHHH, YOU STRUGGLE TO FREE YOURSELF, WHAT A WASTE OF YOUR REMAINING ENERGY, DRACULA--
--SINCE THE CHAINS WHICH BIND YOU ARE LACED WITH CLOVES OF GARLIC.
WHO ARE YOU, MADMAN, THAT YOU DARE ATTEMPT CAPTURING DRACULA?
WE HAVE CAPTURED YOU, AND WE SHALL RETAIN YOU UNTIL DOCTOR SUN ORDERS YOUR DEATH.
AFTER ALL, WE HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR YOU... ALMOST FOUR YEARS TO BE SURE.
AND FOR THE PAST YEAR WE HAVE FOLLOWED YOU, AT T MES WE HAVE EVEN CROSSED PATHS, WITH YOU ALWAYS UNKNOWING.*
BUT NOW OUR PATIENCE HAS PROVEN ITS OWN REWARD.
* DRACULA #17 --REMEMBERIN' ROY.
OUR TROUBLES IN FINDING YOU BEFORE NOW WAS OUR UNCERTAINTY OF YOUR METHODS, BUT ONCE WE FOUND ONE WHO KNEW YOUR EVERY THOUGHT, YOUR EVERY INSTINCT...
...BUT WHY SPOIL OUR SURPRISE... SEE FOR YOURSELF WHO YOUR JUDAS WAS.

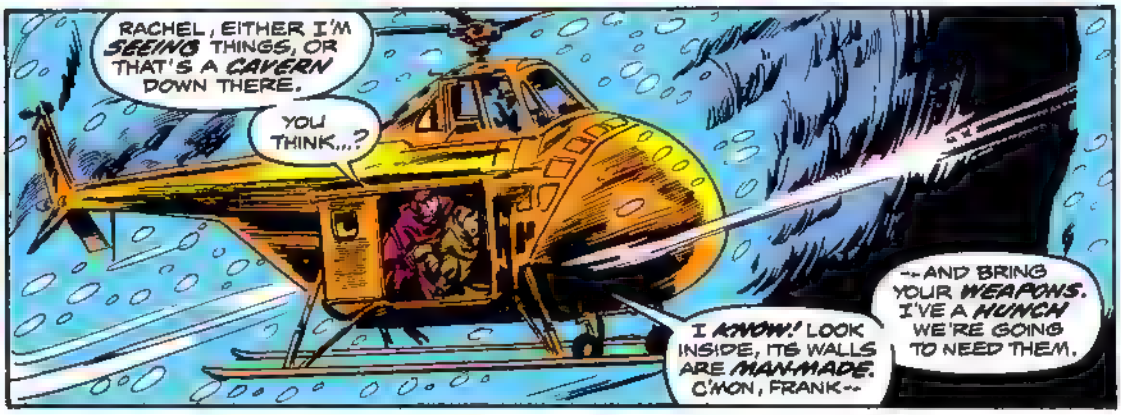
YOU!?!
BUT IT CAN NOT BE!
C'MON, EX-MASTER, IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET AN OLD FRIEND--
--OR SHOULD I SAY, YOUR ONE-TIME SLAVE-- CLIFTON GRAVES?
I CAN JUST IMAGINE HOW MUCH YOU MOURNED FOR ME...
HA HA HA
YOU DID MOURN FOR ME, DIDN'T YOU, DRACULA? OR DID YOU JUST GIVE THAT MADMAN'S LAUGH OF YOURS AND THEN FORGET I EVER EXISTED?
ANSWER ME, BLAST YOU-- ANSWER ME!
NO MATTER. I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO HAVE YOU HELPLESS LIKE THIS BEFORE ME-- TO VENT OUT MY TRUE HATRED FOR YOU WITH NO FEAR.
HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THE EXPLOSION?
SO, THE GREAT 'VAMPIRE' SPEAKS, EH?
THEN MY ANSWER MAY YET SHOCK YOU. YOU SEE, I DIDN'T SURVIVE.
NO, I WAS TORN TO SHREDS-- AS YOU CAN READILY SEE.
THINK BACK TO THE TIME WE WERE ABOARD THE OCEAN LINER, MICHELE.* YOU SET IT TO EXPLODE...
AND THEN ABANDONED ME, LEAVING ME ABOARD IT, TO CATCH THE FULL BLAST WHILE OTHERS SURVIVED.
* FOR THOSE WHO CAN REMEMBER - ISH #10. --NOSTALGIC ROY.

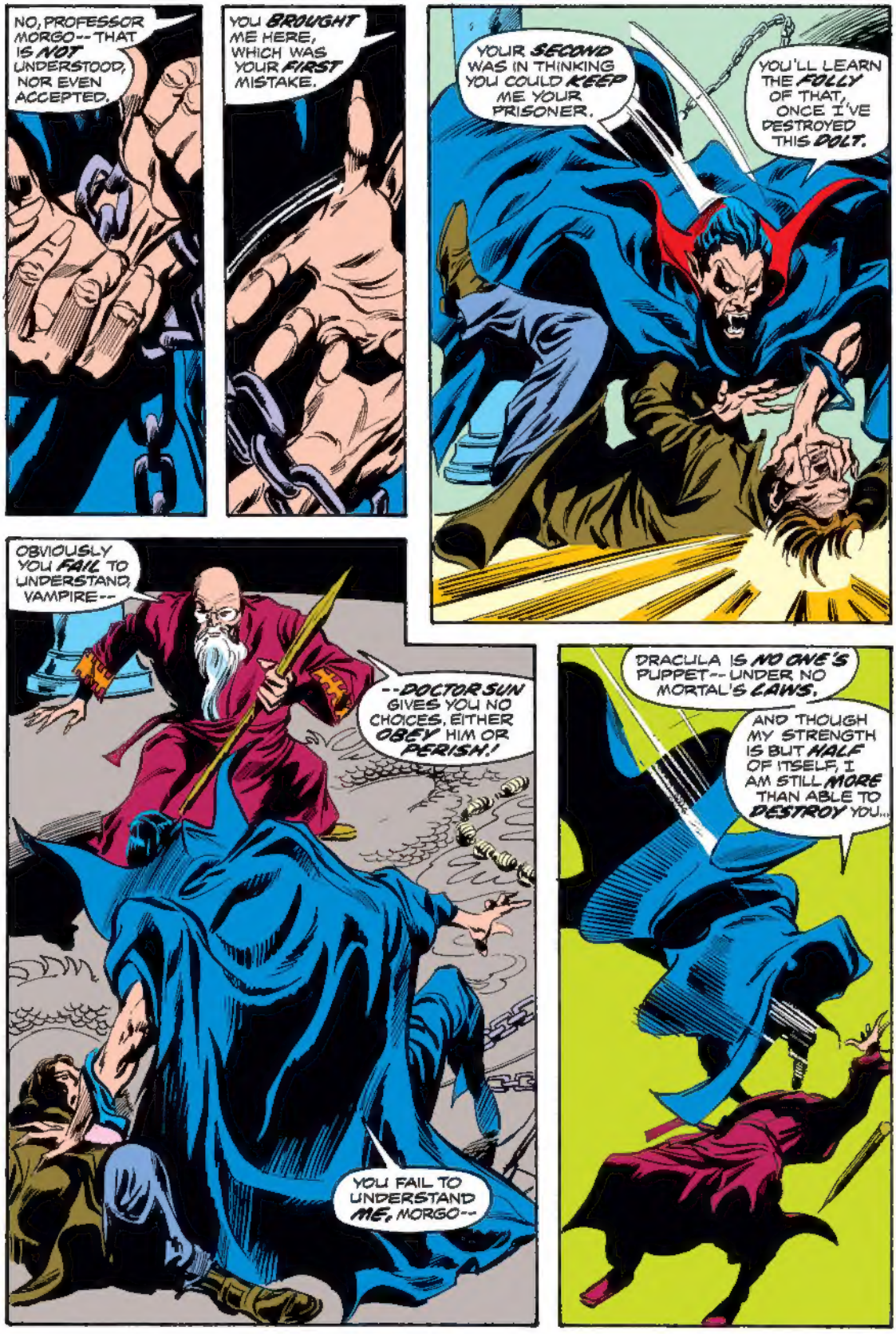

YES, I WAS KILLED, BUT SOMEHOW MY BODY FLOATED ONTO A PIECE OF WRECKAGE... AND I MUST HAVE DRIFTED ABOARD IT FOR HOURS...
...BEFORE I WAS DISCOVERED...
...BY DOCTOR SUN. HE HAD FINALLY FOUND A CLUE TO YOUR WHEREABOUTS, AND TRACED YOU TO THE MICHELE.
"HE WAS TOO LATE FOR YOU, BUT INSTEAD HE RECOGNIZED ME.
"I WAS TAKEN TO HIS BASE IN THE PHILIPPINES WHERE HIS DOCTORS PIECED TOGETHER MY FLESH...
"...AND SOMEHOW REKINDLED THE SPARK OF LIFE I HAD LOST.
IN RETURN, I'VE HELPED HIM-- TOLD HIM HOW YOU OPERATE-- SOMETHING ONLY I KNEW, 'CAUSE OF ALL THOSE MONTHS I WORKED AS YOUR LACKEY.
AND ALL FOR REVENGE, DRAC-- SWEET REVENGE.
SEE THIS VIAL, DRAC-- RECOGNIZE ITS SMELL..?
IT'S BLOOD-- RICH, TASTY BLOOD. BUT YOU'LL HAVE NONE OF IT!
HERE'S TO LIFE, DRAC-- LIFE AND, NEED I EVEN MENTION-- DEATH!
I WARN YOU, GRAVES. YOUR LIFE WILL BE MINE.

YOU BELIEVE BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN LIFE ANEW THAT YOU ARE ANYTHING BUT A MINDLESS, CLODDISH FOOL?
YOU'LL NEVER BE MORE THAN A DOLT, GRAVES-- NO MATTER HOW MANY LIVES YOU LIVE OR DEATHS YOU CHEAT!
LEAVE HIM BE, DRACULA.

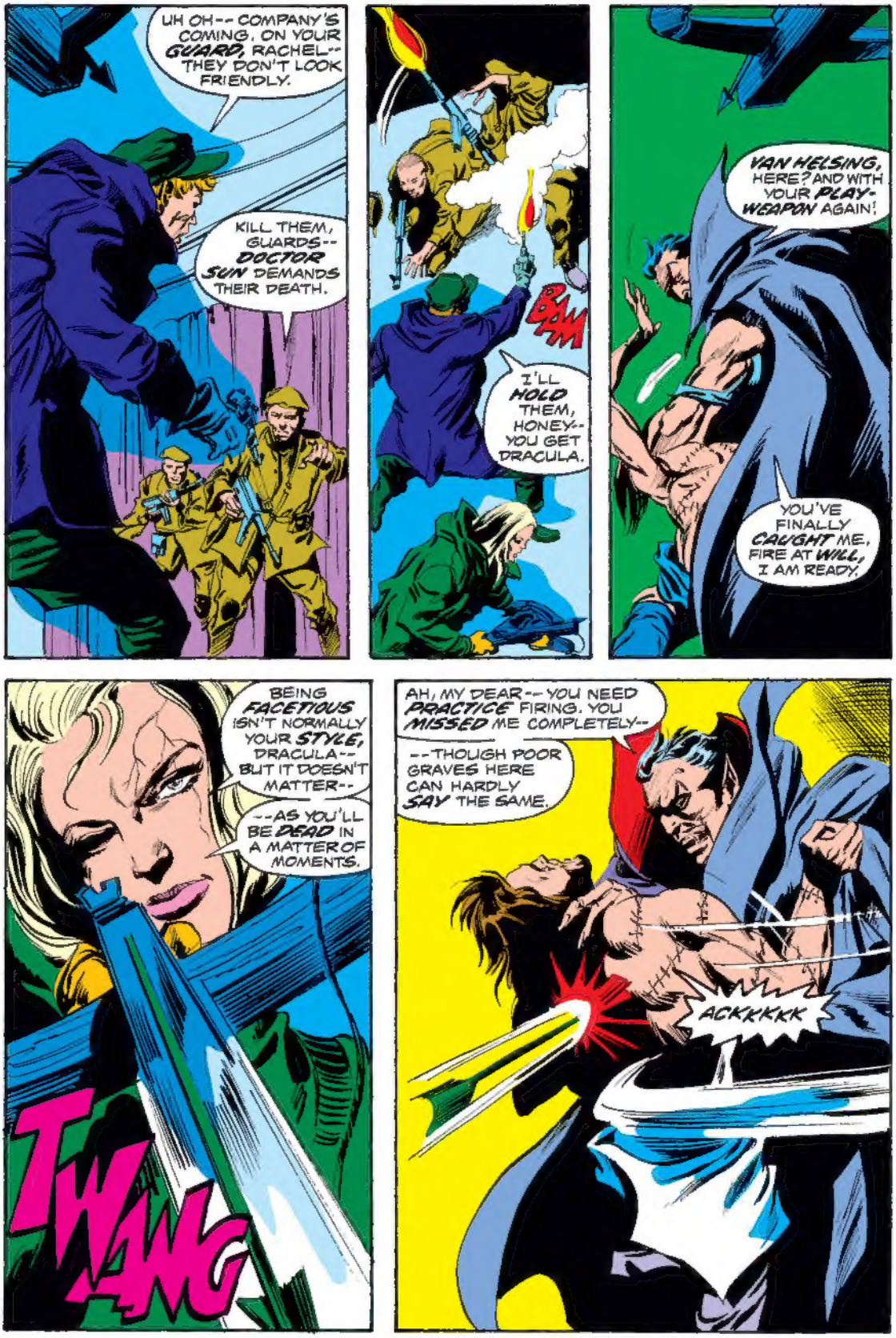
THIS IS NOT A TABERNACLE FOR VIOLENCE.
CEASE YOUR RANTINGS NOW.
THUNK!

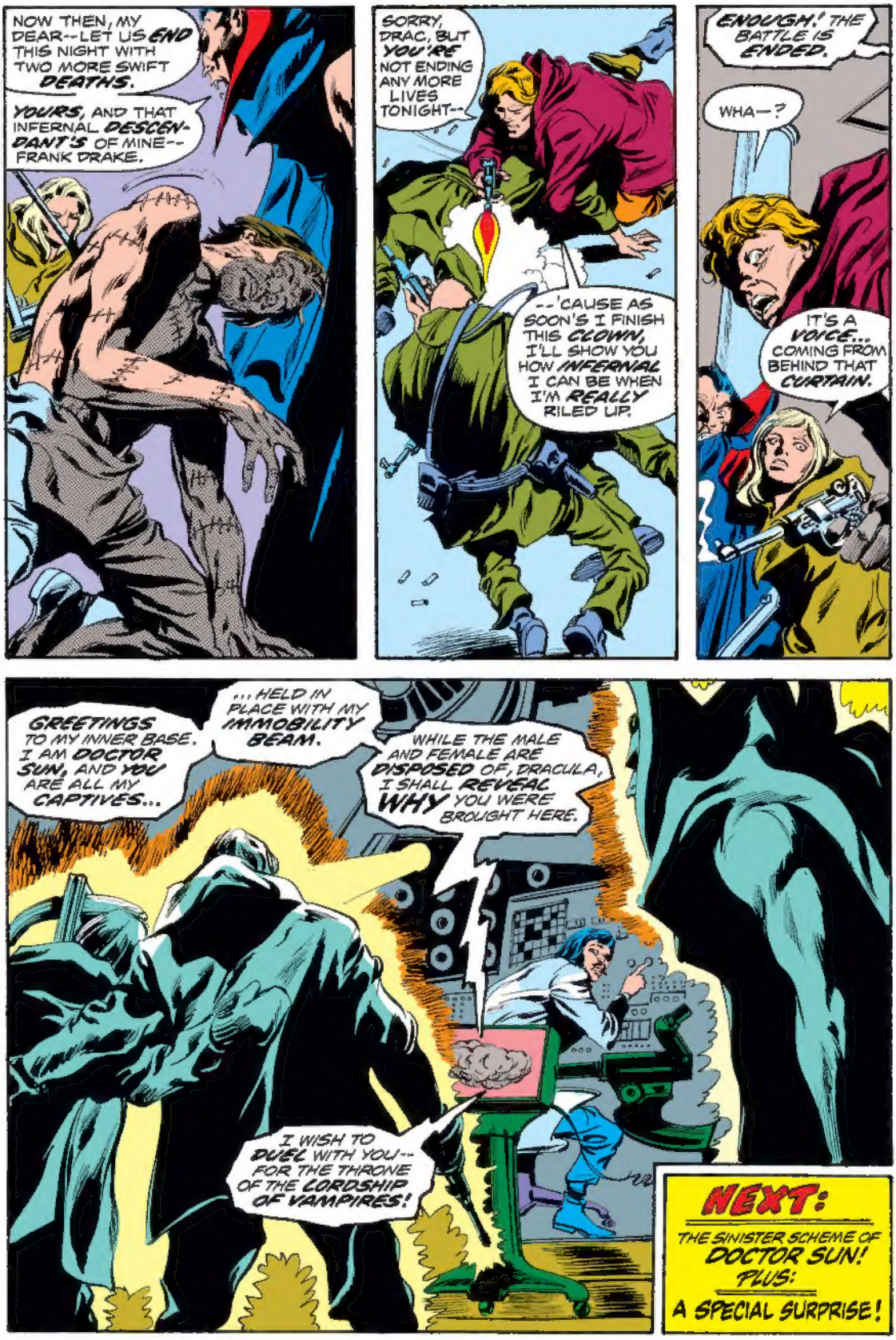
NEED I REMIND YOU OF YOUR VULNERABILITY, VAMPIRE? NEXT TIME YOU DISOBEY ME, I'LL NOT REMOVE THE STAKE FROM YOU.
YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE FOR DOCTOR SUN'S PURPOSES, NOT TO FEED UPON GRAVE'S EGO..
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD... BOTH OF YOU?


RACHEL, EITHER I'M SEEING THINGS, OR THAT'S A CAVERN DOWN THERE.
YOU THINK...?
I KNOW! LOOK INSIDE, ITS WALLS ARE MAN-MADE. C'MON, FRANK--
--AND BRING YOUR WEAPONS. I'VE A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO NEED THEM.


NO, PROFESSOR MORGO--THAT IS NOT UNDERSTOOD, NOR EVEN ACCEPTED.
YOU BROUGHT ME HERE, WHICH WAS YOUR FIRST MISTAKE.
YOUR SECOND WAS IN THINKING YOU COULD KEEP ME YOUR PRISONER.
YOU'LL LEARN THE FOLLY OF THAT, ONCE I'VE DESTROYED THIS DOLT.
OBVIOUSLY YOU FAIL TO UNDERSTAND, VAMPIRE--
--DOCTOR SUN GIVES YOU NO CHOICES, EITHER OBEY HIM OR PERISH!
YOU FAIL TO UNDERSTAND ME, MORGO--
DRACULA IS NO ONE'S PUPPET--UNDER NO MORTAL'S LAWS,
AND THOUGH MY STRENGTH IS BUT HALF OF ITSELF, I AM STILL MORE THAN ABLE TO DESTROY YOU...

...AND TAKE YOUR BLOOD TO GIVE ITS POWER TO ME.
EYAGHHHHH!
THE BLOOD WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, EX-MASTER--YOU'VE STILL ME TO FACE.
GRAVES? YOU DARE CALL ME TO BATTLE? I COULD REND YOU LIMB FROM LIMB.
THEN TRY IT, DRAC--'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO IF YOU WANNA GET OUT OF HERE.
SUN GAVE ME MY LIFE, GAVE ME MORE THAN YOU EVER DID--AND IF HE WANTS YOU DEAD, I'LL BE THE ONE TO KILL YOU.
NO, FOOL, YOU'LL ONLY BE THE SECOND OF HIS LEGIONS TO FALL...
...AND THE SECOND OF HIS MEN TO GIVE ME NOURISHMENT.
--DRACULA-- FIGHTING CLIFTON GRAVES?
BUT I THOUGHT GRAVES WAS DEAD?!?
RACHEL--WE WERE RIGHT--! LOOK--


UH OH-- COMPANY'S COMING. ON YOUR GUARD, RACHEL-- THEY DON'T LOOK FRIENDLY.
KILL THEM, GUARDS-- DOCTOR SUN DEMANDS THEIR DEATH.
BOOM
I'LL HOLD THEM, HONEY-- YOU GET DRACULA.
VAN HELSING, HERE? AND WITH YOUR PLAY-WEAPON AGAIN!
YOU'VE FINALLY CAUGHT ME, FIRE AT WILL, I AM READY.
BEING FACETIOUS ISN'T NORMALLY YOUR STYLE, DRACULA-- BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER--
--AS YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS.
THWANG
AH, MY DEAR-- YOU NEED PRACTICE FIRING. YOU MISSED ME COMPLETELY--
--THOUGH POOR GRAVES HERE CAN HARDLY SAY THE SAME.
ACKKKKK


NOW THEN, MY DEAR--LET US END THIS NIGHT WITH TWO MORE SWIFT DEATHS.
YOURS, AND THAT INFERNAL DESCENDANT'S OF MINE--FRANK DRAKE.
SORRY, DRAC, BUT YOU'RE NOT ENDING ANY MORE LIVES TONIGHT--
--'CAUSE AS SOON'S I FINISH THIS CLOWN, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW INFERNAL I CAN BE WHEN I'M REALLY RILED UP.
ENOUGH! THE BATTLE IS ENDED.
WHA—?
IT'S A VOICE... COMING FROM BEHIND THAT CURTAIN.
GREETINGS TO MY INNER BASE. I AM DOCTOR SUN, AND YOU ARE ALL MY CAPTIVES...
...HELD IN PLACE WITH MY IMMOBILITY BEAM.
WHILE THE MALE AND FEMALE ARE DISPOSED OF, DRACULA, I SHALL REVEAL WHY YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE.
I WISH TO DUEL WITH YOU--FOR THE THRONE OF THE LORDSHIP OF VAMPIRES!
NEXT:
THE SINISTER SCHEME OF DOCTOR SUN!
PLUS:
A SPECIAL SURPRISE!